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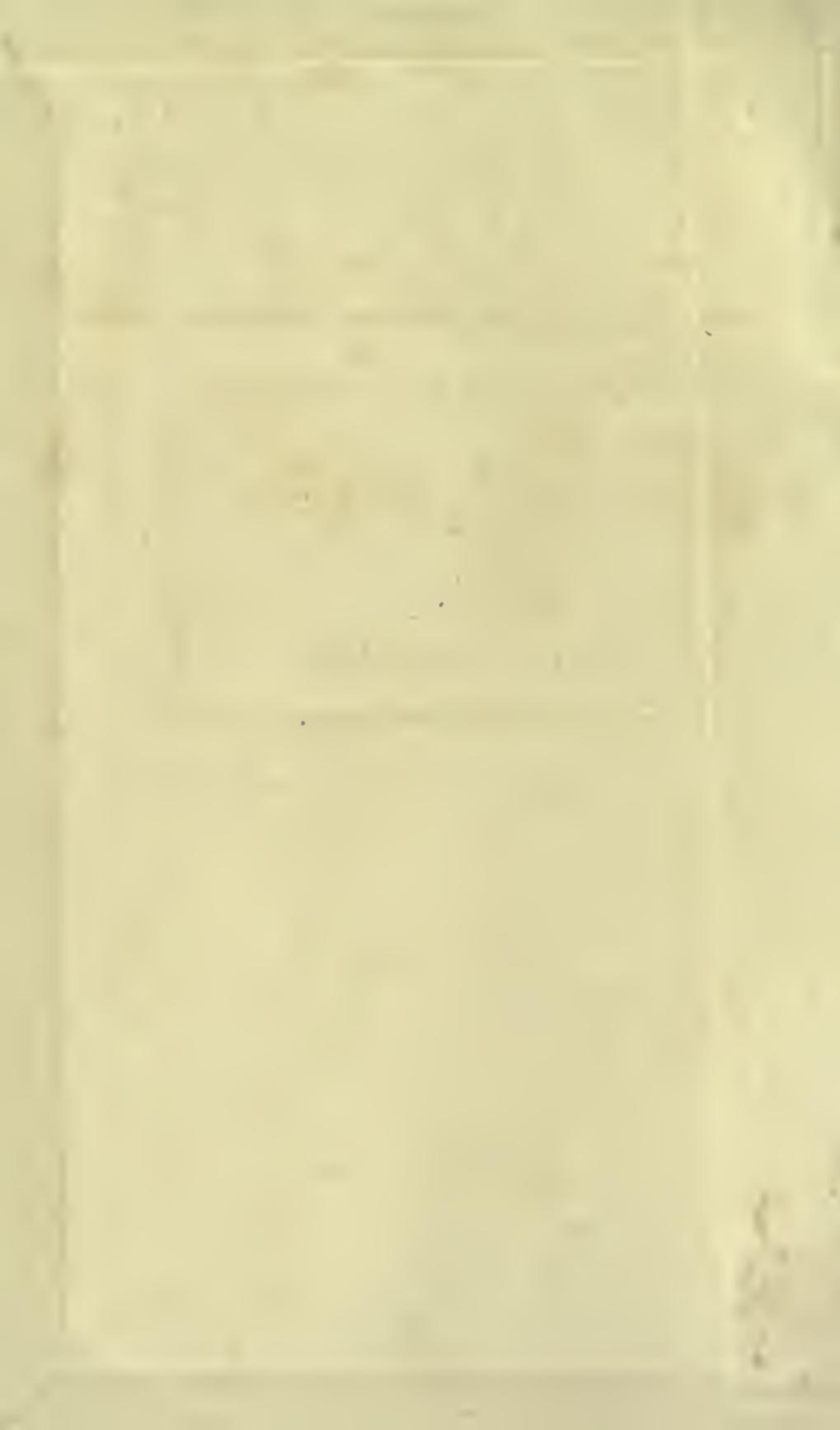


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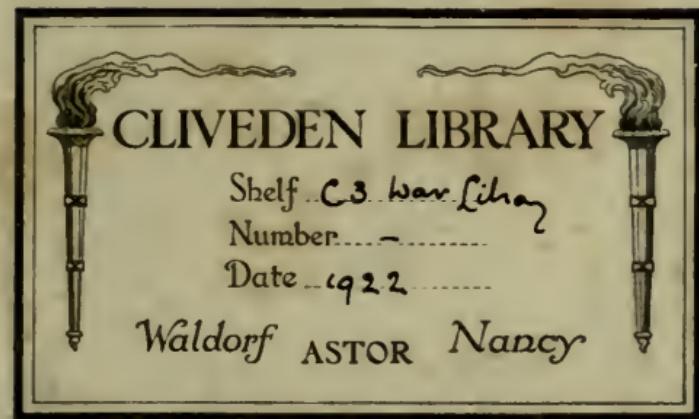
# More Songs by the Fighting Men

(OLDIER POETS      SECOND SERIES)



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THE REMARKABLE VOLUME THAT  
GAVE A NEW VOGUE TO POETRY

# SOLDIER POETS:

## Songs of the Fighting Men.

*Cloth, 2/6 net; Paper, 1/6 net.*

24 Contributors, including CAPT. JULIAN GRENFELL, D.S.O.  
(five poems), "EDWARD MELBOURNE," M.C. (three poems),  
and SERGT. J. W. STREETS (six poems).

"A wonderful volume."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"A singular proof of spiritual efflorescence. . . . A treasury of remembrance which all must read who would know the soldier's hidden heart."—*Morning Post*.

"Will be treasured with delight by all lovers of grace and purity in verse, and with pride that England is represented by such purity."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"A little volume to treasure . . . contains poems that will become classics."—*Daily Mail*.

"This volume, compiled with admirable taste and discrimination by Mr. Galloway Kyle, is the work of soldiers who are also singers. How sweet their song it needs but a cursory glance through its pages to reveal. The poems are the reflections of various temperaments, but they are all informed by the spirit of a high resolve and a dauntless courage. There is here, too, a certain gaiety of mood which, by some strange paradox, appears to be one of the compensations of a soldier's life. Some of these men are now numbered with the slain, but they have bequeathed to posterity a priceless legacy of song."—*New Witness*.

Dr. Hugh Walker, Professor of Literature and Philosophy at St. David's College, Lampeter, in the *Welsh Outlook* :—

"*Soldier Poets* is nearly always distinctly good, and sometimes it comes near to being great poetry. Certainly the spirit that it shows is great. There are not infrequent technical flaws: how could it be otherwise when some, probably many, of the pieces were composed in

the trenches? But there is the stark sincerity of purpose, the flawless truth which has been the essence of great art ever since art arose among men. Though some of the pieces are faulty, they are all tingling with vitality. They are in touch with reality, yet are nobly free from that realism which thinks a stench more real than a perfume, and the polluted slime where a river rolls to the sea through some great city more real than the infinite ocean beyond.

"These poems from the land of the sights and smells of death are as wholesome as a new-mown hayfield. And they are so because the realities the soldiers have fixed their eyes upon are the great realities of life and death. 'I have tried to picture some thoughts that pass through a man's brain when he dies,' writes Streets—alas! 'Wounded and missing, July, 1916.' The man who so tries can never do ignobly. The vision Streets sees is a reality more enduring than the stench or the slime. It is Youth thrilling to give for Liberty 'its love, its hope, its radiant morn.'

"The soldiers always have something particular to say; sometimes, we may be sure, they could not rest until it was said. Let us end with Captain Grenfell's fine picture of the soldier going into battle. . . . This is *religio militis*—not the least noble variety of religion."

"To read these poems by men of all ranks in the British Army is to weep. But let not the reader deceive himself by tears. It is easy to weep—and feel safe. Tears will little avail us who profit by the brotherly sacrifice of these splendid youths if our emotions do not react in effort. . . . The soldier poet never dwells on horror for horror's sake. He knows what life is, and he finds in it beauty and love even in the depths of pain. The old style of soldier was inarticulate. Poets as far apart as Tennyson and Kipling tried to sing for him. They sang well, but the poverty of their effort can only be measured by such wonderful soldier verses as these. When the soldier himself sings there is no flamboyance, no mock heroic. He uses a language simple, direct, sweet. . . . Here is the secret of the soldier's spirit. We who cannot fight may be *envoisi* to learn this secret, but it means travelling by a hard road. . . . These men have found the realm beyond the physical."—*The New East* (Tokyo).

The national spirit would be fortified if every adult and every adolescent were acquainted with this book. Order it now and see that every friend and every school knows about it. A big Public School edition is in preparation.

ERSKINE MACDONALD, LTD., LONDON, W.C. 1

MORE SONGS BY THE  
FIGHTING MEN



# MORE SONGS BY THE FIGHTING MEN

SOLDIER POETS: SECOND SERIES

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ERSKINE MACDONALD, LTD.

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## Preface

AN Introduction to this second series of "Soldier Poets" is superfluous. What was said by way of Foreword to the original volume is equally true of its successor. There is the less need for repetition because that original Introduction and the poems that followed have been the text of many articles, sermons, and speeches, including an address by the President of the Board of Education, who allows us to paraphrase his remarks on the characteristic features, already noted, of the remarkable outburst of lyrical poetry from the seat of war. The poems are remarkably individual, he pointed out : they are entirely free from hate and execration. There is no reviling of the enemy. Our young soldiers look to poetry as a deliverance from the grim necessities of the hour rather than as a means of expressing martial emotion. They do not gush concerning patriotism, but they feel it none the less, and express it soberly, seriously, and with intense conviction.

The same characteristics, the same yearning over the beloved country left behind and of tender feeling for parents and home, are found in all the poems that have come to us from men in the fighting forces since the former volume was collected. And here we may repeat, that while these volumes are typical of the lyrical efflorescence of the fighting men, they do not pretend to be exhaustive : the larger task of sifting already published work and compiling a more complete anthology has been undertaken by a devoted advocate of the significance of the soldier poets' work and its claim to recognition.

## Preface

We builded better than we knew when we issued the original volume as the climax of our proud association with the soldier poets: it was a greater thing than we were then aware of. No literary work of our day has possessed so much genetic force or been of greater influence. It was well said that "Soldier Poets" was of greater service to the Allied cause in America than many Blue Books and specially prepared statements: it showed the high clean spirit of ardent, generous youth engaged on a new Crusade. These songs before sunrise gave fresh vitality to poetry and were welcomed by a nation on the eve of rebirth as the promise of a greater intensity of living, a finer perception of beauty, a clearer vision of the undying splendour after the weary days in which life and art had become dreary and meaningless to the multitude. Now the birth-throes have become more severe, the spiritual quickening more accentuated, more and more of the poems are personal threnodies, and the sentinel graves of the *Poetry Review* young men who responded to the call in 1914 now consecrate the long line from Nieuport to Basra. They are a more glorious and more numerous company than the Elizabethans, with whom, in the great comradeship beyond the grave, they still march, an invisible army, with their brothers-in-arms who continue the material and spiritual warfare here in the flesh, inspiring and directing the fight that will not end with the war.

GALLOWAY KYLE.

"THE POETRY REVIEW,"

LONDON, W.C.

*All Saints' Day, 1917.*

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ERIC DE BANZIE

SAPPER, R.E.

### The Gift

"O H, I have known the dreams of youth . . .  
then what

The dead, long, useless years gave promise of ;  
Remnants I'll humbly gift thee—all I've got,  
Which thy sweet thanks shall be the solace of."  
Thus spake a restless mind all out of tune

With souls and thoughts the world could offer  
him. . . .

Thou know'st he thanked Thee, God, for War's  
grand boon—

The end, the glory, England proffered him.  
The sorrow of his going matters not ;  
Only the fierce high glow that in his heart  
Lit up those remnants that a rifle shot  
Filched from an England who was grieved to part.  
Alway, the nobleness that England gives -  
Rescinds her royal gift—so England lives !

FRANCE.

PAUL BEWSHER  
D.S.C., SUB-LIEUT., R.N.A.S., FRANCE

## The Dawn Patrol

SOMETIMES I fly at dawn above the sea,  
Where, underneath, the restless waters flow—  
Silver, and cold, and slow.  
Dim in the east there burns a new-born sun,  
Whose rosy gleams along the ripples run,  
Save where the mist droops low,  
Hiding the level loneliness from me.

And now appears beneath the milk-white haze  
A little fleet of anchored ships, which lie  
In clustered company,  
And seem as they are yet fast bound by sleep,  
Although the day has long begun to peep,  
With red-inflamed eye,  
Along the still, deserted ocean ways.

The fresh, cold wind of dawn blows on my face  
As in the sun's raw heart I swiftly fly,  
And watch the seas glide by.

## Paul Bewsher

Scarce human seem I, moving through the skies,  
And far removed from warlike enterprise—

Like some great gull on high  
Whose white and gleaming wings beat on through  
space.

Then do I feel with God quite, quite alone,  
High in the virgin morn, so white and still,  
And free from human ill :

My prayers transcend my feeble earth-bound  
plaints—

As though I sang among the happy Saints  
With many a holy thrill—

As though the glowing sun were God's bright  
Throne.

My flight is done. I cross the line of foam  
That breaks around a town of grey and red,

Whose streets and squares lie dead  
Beneath the silent dawn—then am I proud  
That England's peace to guard I am allowed ;  
Then bow my humble head,  
In thanks to Him Who brings me safely home.

COLLIN BROOKS

SERGEANT, MACHINE GUN CORPS

### To Another Poor Poet

**S**HALL God forget these darkling years we  
spend  
In poverty and misery and toil  
Unlit save by a glint of faëry spoil  
That gleams and leads us, steadfast, to His end,  
The darkling years when only Hope is friend  
To Courage who, from where our foes embroil,  
Still calls us onward—onward tho' the soil  
Engulf both us and all that we defend ?

The spoken word holds true : the swords we wield  
Upended show the Cross that, potent yet,  
Shall prove each wound we suffer on the field  
No sacrifice made vainly to abet  
A senseless purpose. Wait but for the yield  
Of all our toil and—God shall not forget.

CARROLL CARSTAIRS  
LIEUT., GRENADIER GUARDS

### Death in France

If I should die while I am yet in France  
Before the battle clouds have rolled away,  
Give me to feel that death will but enhance  
Life's secret vision on its passing day.  
Grant then to me new, individual power  
In reverie, whilst whimsically I trace  
Thro' eager, breathless youth, each pulsing hour,  
The light and shadow on its fading face.  
And in death's soonest minute let me seek  
*Life*, heightened by new splendour, poise, surprise,  
New colour flushing deep its paling cheek,  
New wonder looking from its tired eyes.  
Time's brought a rare patine to old Romance—  
*Death has an ancient dignity in France.*

FRANCE, November, 1916.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

### The Lover's Mood

I SAID a careless word, then miserably  
Repented, asked forgiveness in sweet rhyme;  
Your face had clouded so, and suddenly  
The day had grown a-weary ere her time.

### Life and Death

I F death should come with his cold, hasty kiss  
Along the trench or in the battle strife,  
I'll ask of death no greater boon than this:  
That it shall be as wonderful as life.

ERNEST K. CHALLENGER  
CORPORAL, R.E.

### The Harvest

**S**HADOWLESS lies the land  
Under the sun,  
Only the poplars stand  
With moveless boughs in the heat  
That broods o'er the blackened wheat  
And the ground so hardly won.

No other tree in the waste.  
They only stand  
Where the straight white road is traced  
Athwart the land.  
And ever under the sky  
Do the slow-winged birds go by—  
The slow black birds of prey  
That wait but the close of day  
For the night to bring them food.

The curse of the heat is here,  
And the curse of blood.  
Cold-lipped, and with eyes of fear,  
'Neath the sun's flood

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

Wanders the spirit of death ;  
And e'en in the burning noon is an icy breath  
And the red of the west is to me like the redness of  
blood.

The village is still as the heat,  
From the ruined houses start  
The rats across the street.—  
There is never another sound,  
For the guns are silent to-day,  
And the endless lines of men that are bound  
For the place of death and the nameless mound  
Have taken another way.

At the end of the ruined street  
Roodless the church yet stands  
To the God men praise with their lips  
While they mock Him with their hands ;  
With hands that have scrawled for sport  
Their jests on the altar-stone,  
And their ribald words on the lips of Christ,  
The marred Christ hanging alone.

Who has measured pain,  
And who has a plumb for that sea  
Where the soul shall know again  
Its own immensity ?

## Ernest K. Challenger

For the voice of the mind is dumb,  
But the voice of the soul is heard,  
Where the wild dark waters are come  
And the face of man's sky is blurred.

Who shall say " Lo here  
Shall the glory of war be found,  
That a nation arose without fear  
And smote her foe to the ground  
For the wrong that he dared to dream,  
And the hell that he wrought on earth ;  
That she pressed after Honour's gleam  
Though it led to a land of dearth " ?

Who has measured wrong,  
And who shall assign it a bond ?  
Where the scornful might of the strong  
And the cry of the weak be found—  
Say, is the tale complete ?  
Ah ! myriad wrongs spring up  
Where one has set its feet,  
And the earth is a poisoned cup  
Where the goodly wine brings death,  
And one drop of venom there  
Shall poison the very breath  
Of the winds in the upper air.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

What of the men who died  
Stout-hearted and steadfast-eyed  
For the good they might not share  
And the goal to them denied ?  
For the lamp they strove to bear  
Should light another's way,  
And the boon that they might not share  
Is the boon we hold to-day.

What of the god-like men  
Who lie in the dust to-day  
For the dreams that we hold so light  
And the hope that we fling away ?  
Ah ! shall we not vex their sleep,  
We men of the lesser mould,  
Who sully the name they bled to keep,  
And the honour they died to hold ?

A thousand ages ago  
Man fought with the axe of stone  
That the many might seize the thing they loved  
From the few, and hold it alone.  
For the will of the strong was law  
And the right of the weak was death  
When man was one with the beasts of the earth  
And battled with them for breath.

## Ernest K. Challenger

And to-day with their coward lips  
Men prate of love in their creeds,  
And a thousand times to-day  
Do they spurn her with their deeds.  
For we talk of the law of truth  
While our God is the law of might,  
And the will of the strongest there  
Is the thing we hold as right.

What have we gained with the years,  
But the greater power to lie ?  
We, who speak of the truth,  
Smooth-voiced and with side-long eye ;  
Better the axe of stone  
And the feet on the weakest throat  
Than the lying lips and the coward thrust  
And the stealthy eyes that gloat.

Now for the one's desire  
Shall the many be crucified  
On the cross of a lawless power  
With the nails of a soulless pride.  
And the wrong goes deeper yet,  
Aye, deep as the springs of life,  
And has blossomed out at the 'hest of pride  
In the deadly flower of strife.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

And nothing shall purge the land  
Where the curse of sin has stood  
But the purge of the whetted steel  
And the drench of blood.

While perchance at the end shall Peace  
Her impotent pinions spread  
O'er the ruined home and the smoking land  
And the blank eyes of our dead.

Hark!—through the lazy air  
Comes the sound of guns again.  
Once more man reaps with a sickle of fire  
The harvest of the slain.

PONT D'ESSARS, FRANCE.

ERIC CHILMAN

PRIVATE, EAST YORKS

### After-days

WHEN the last gun has long withheld  
Its thunder, and its mouth is sealed,  
Strong men shall drive the furrow straight  
On some remembered battlefield.

Untroubled they shall hear the loud  
And gusty driving of the rains,  
And birds with immemorial voice  
Sing as of old in leafy lanes.

The stricken, tainted soil shall be  
Again a flowery paradise—  
Pure with the memory of the dead  
And purer for their sacrifice.

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE  
LIEUT., LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT

### Supermen

SOME souls there are  
Who in their trial hours  
Bathe in the very blood  
Which flows around the heart of Life,  
And know its joy—and know its agony.  
Daring to follow impulse  
That any God Himself would not resist.

Stand back !  
You weaklings of the world  
Boasting the name of men.  
Preening yourselves  
And judging with your  
“ God this—— ” and “ God that—— ”  
Dare not to come  
Near these.

Stay with your narrow Gods  
Who smugly sit  
Within four chapel walls  
On Sundays,

## A. Newberry Choyce

You in some stiff God's house  
Who kneel and shiver  
Towards a judgment day  
Of your own setting.

But if a Destiny too kind  
Bring you for one short second  
Closer to wisdom ;  
To the breathing hills and spaces  
Where my God lives  
And makes His Throne in every leaf and flower  
And whispers in each wind,  
Then I will tell you this—  
That my God is so great  
I doubt if He will dare  
To judge these souls.

## Reincarnation

I LOVED you in Babylon.  
Sweet Heart ! you were a dancer then  
And I watched where your little feet  
Just stirred the dust within the market-place.  
You passed me slow and down the sunlit street,  
I saw the longing in the eyes of men

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

Who caught the smile which glorified your face.  
A moment—little heart !—and you were gone ;  
But where you passed—you knew it not—  
I marked and kissed the spot.

I loved you in royal Rome.  
Sweet Heart ! you were a vestal there  
And I came to offer my gift.  
A poor slave with a pigeon dearly bought,  
Its feathers purer than snow's whitest drift.  
With fevered soul I made my silent prayer  
Though I could never touch the bliss I sought,  
While holy Vesta's temple was your home.  
A feather fell—how should you see ?—  
Till death it stayed with me.

I love you in London town.  
Sweet Heart ! you are a princess now  
And the blue blood runs in your veins ;  
While I, alas ! am but of common birth  
Whom war is splashing with its crimson stains.  
A soldier who has taken Honour's vow  
To share the grandest task on God's wide earth.  
One night you wore red roses in your gown.  
A petal dropped—you never guessed—  
I hid it in my breast.

## A. Newberry Choyce

So shall I still love on.

Sweet Heart ! your soul was close to me  
When the world's first dreams were made.  
We two were whispering love at God's own side  
Or ever sunlight on the mountains played.  
And through a wilderness of worlds I see  
A time when reunited we shall glide  
Unto the Soul of souls, the Perfect One.  
Pass, life or lives ! you'll understand  
When Love gives me your hand.

## Loss

THE world went blind to-day  
Groping with shattered faith.  
And in the lonely awful night  
Madness stalked, taunting me.  
The gibbering ghoulish wraith  
Of dreams unrealised  
Sprang up and mocked my way ;  
Just that in one wild spot beyond the sea,  
A dear heart that I prized  
Passed to the Silent Light.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

They say his soul lives on—  
That I shall find  
Him safe in God's eternity.  
To-night, to-night, this aching in my breast,  
This wildness in my mind  
Cries to the farthest cruel star :—  
“ O Thou to Whom his soul has gone,  
Spare me his lips love-prest !  
In this pained night eternity is far—  
God ! give his dear warm body back to me.”

REGINALD F. CLEMENTS  
2ND LIEUT., ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT

## Immortality

I MAY not wait to hear  
What says the wind that sweeps across the lea,  
And yet I know it speaks, and in its voice  
There is some word to make my heart rejoice,  
Some message speeding on eternally  
That God has not made clear !

I may not wait to find  
The secret of the seething sea that flows  
Nor ever rests ; yet must there be some plan  
Above the most exalted thought of man,  
Some destiny that none but Heaven knows,  
And Heaven keeps me blind !

I may not wait to know  
The secret of the towering mountain height  
That makes my little self so small and frail  
And bids me rest awhile behind the veil,  
Because so far beyond it shines the light  
And God would have it so !

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

I may not wait ; I see  
The hosts of Righteousness go forth to slay  
The armies of a people that would turn  
From all that makes man's nobler soul to burn,  
And yet I feel as now I take my way  
My Immortality !

## Finis Coronat Opus

THOUGH I have lived as one whose soul is  
dead  
Nor ever touched my heart-strings to awake.  
Some harmony of love that else had fled  
From where diviner semblance it might take ;  
Though I have scorned to hear when there has  
called  
The sterner voice within that bade me rise  
And spurn the sloth that held my will enthralled  
And veiled my loftier vision to the skies ;  
  
This of my slumbering spirit I entreat,  
That when I fall and may not rise again,  
Or ever this faint heart no more shall beat,  
And I have lost the stimulant of pain,  
That I some vestige of renown may leave—  
Some flower to which posterity may cleave.

LEONARD NIELL COOK

M.C., 2ND LIEUT., ROYAL LANCS REGT.

(A Rugby and Oxford boy. Killed in action July 7, 1917)

### Plymouth Sound

O BEDIENT to the echoed harbour gun  
The homing traffic on the water's breast  
Fold up their tawny wings and take their rest.  
The pale-eyed stars already one by one  
Steal softly forth to look upon the sun,  
So proudly parting. While from island-nest,  
Deep-shadowed cove, torn slope, or purple crest,  
All things give praise to God in unison.

Then, brothers—for the time is very near  
When I, the youngest floweret of the heath,  
Will open in the gloomy courts of Fear,  
Perchance to crown the pallid brow of Death—  
Oh let me, clinging to the greensward here,  
Drink in God's quietness with every breath.

GERALD M. COOPER

2ND LIEUT., SCOTS GUARDS

## Sonnets

### I

WEARY of strife and sickening at the thought  
My soul desires release, and as I gaze  
Upon the barrenness that war hath wrought,  
Another vision rises in a haze  
Of phantasy—I see a place of rest  
All bathed in sunlight and the scent of flowers,  
Where Time has fall'n asleep on Nature's breast,  
And none may mark the tread of passing hours.  
And in the fairest part of all, that seems  
The very home of all things pure and good,  
A woman sits with half-closed eyes, and dreams  
In ecstasy of perfect motherhood.  
O wondrous mystery ! Behold, the earth  
Blossoms again in mystic second birth.

Gerald M. Cooper

II

A dark grey sky that merges in the west  
Into pale primrose, where the fading day  
Still lingers like an echo half-expressed  
Of some forgotten glory. By the way,  
Outlined in black against the sky, there stands  
A wayside crucifix among the corn ;  
Waiting with tired eyes and outstretched hands,  
In patient expectation of the morn.

The gentle whisper of the poplar trees  
Is hardly loud enough to break the spell  
Of mystic silence. From the church tower's height  
Comes, wafted onward by the dying breeze,  
The solemn tolling of a single bell ;  
Then silence and the mystery of night.

## LESLIE COULSON

SERGT., LONDON REGIMENT, R.F.

(Died of Wounds in France, October, 1916)

### “—But a Short Time to Live”

OUR little hour,—how swift it flies  
When poppies flare and lilies smile ;  
How soon the fleeting minute dies,  
Leaving us but a little while  
To dream our dream, to sing our song,  
To pick the fruit, to pluck the flower,  
The Gods—They do not give us long,—  
One little hour.

One little hour,—how short it is  
When Love with dew-eyed loveliness  
Raises her lips for ours to kiss  
And dies within our first caress.  
Youth flickers out like wind-blown flame,  
Sweets of to-day to-morrow sour,  
For Time and Death relentless claim  
Our little hour.

Our little hour,—how short a time  
To wage our wars, to fan our hates,

## Leslie Coulson

To take our fill of armoured crime,  
To troop our banners, storm the gates.  
Blood on the sword, our eyes blood-red,  
Blind in our puny reign of power,  
Do we forget how soon is sped  
Our little hour ?

Our little hour,—how soon it dies :  
How short a time to tell our beads,  
To chant our feeble Litanies,  
To think sweet thoughts, to do good deeds.  
The altar lights grow pale and dim,  
The bells hang silent in the tower—  
So passes with the dying hymn  
Our little hour.

## From the Somme

**I**N other days I sang of simple things,  
Of summer dawn, and summer noon and night,  
The dewy grass, the dew-wet fairy rings,  
The lark's long golden flight.

Deep in the forest I made melody  
While squirrels cracked their hazel nuts on high,  
Or I would cross the wet sand to the sea  
And sing to sea and sky.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

When came the silvered silence of the night  
I stole to casements over scented lawns,  
And softly sang of love and love's delight  
To mute white marble fauns.

Oft in the tavern parlour I would sing  
Of morning sun upon the mountain vine,  
And, calling for a chorus, sweep the string  
In praise of good red wine.

I played with all the toys the gods provide,  
I sang my songs and made glad holiday.  
Now I have cast my broken toys aside  
And flung my lute away.

A singer once, I now am fain to weep.  
Within my soul I feel strange music swell,  
Vast chants of tragedy too deep—too deep  
For my poor lips to tell.

## The Secret

**W**HAT is the secret—the secret  
That lies at the heart of it all—  
The surge of the stars, the cry of the wind,  
And the beat of the sea,  
And the surge, and the cry, and the beat of the  
soul in me?

S. DONALD COX

PRIVATE, RIFLE BRIGADE, B.E.F., FRANCE

### The Wind in the Trees

WIND ! Wind ! what do you bring  
With the whirling flake and the flying  
cloud ?

A victor's bays and a song to sing ?  
—Nay, but a hero's shroud !

Wild wind ! what do you bear—  
A song of the men who fought and fell,  
A tale of the strong to do and dare ?  
—Aye, and a tolling bell !

Wind ! wind ! what do you see—  
The flying flags and the soldiers brave,  
The marching men, the bold and free ?  
—Nay, but a new-dug grave !

Wild wind ! what do you moan  
To the frosty night and the cloud-wracked sky ?  
—A soldier's cross, a father's groan,  
And a mother's hopeless cry !

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

### On a Girl killed by German Shrapnel

**I**T is not much : one child the less to sing  
Her passage through the hours ;  
One girl the less to greet the coming spring,  
And pluck the summer's flow'rs.

It is not much : one little coffin made  
And one more little shroud.  
One hush the more within the room's dark shade,  
One less word said aloud.

It is not much : one prayer the less to God,  
From Whom all prayers have birth,  
One scar the more across the fresh green sod,  
One shovel more of earth.

It is not much : yet could it have been more ?  
God thinks the same of such,  
As of the proudest hero killed in war :—  
Who says it is not much ?

FRANCE, *July, 1917.*

## Life

LILT of a child's gay laughter,  
Cry of a soul in pain,  
Sunshine awhile, and after  
Rain.

Day and the zest of living,  
Dusk and the dark's release ;  
After the hour of striving  
Peace.

After the conflict's flurry,  
Silence serene and deep ;  
After the stress and hurry  
Sleep.

JOHN EUGENE CROMBIE

CAPTAIN, GORDON HIGHLANDERS

(Killed in Action, St. George's Day, 1917)

### The Dream-path

WALKING my dream-paved road on the Hill  
of Desire

I saw beneath me the City of Quiet Delight ;  
The warming rays from each home-welcoming fire  
Wove a pattern of gold on the velvet curtain of  
night.

The scent from the hill's rank grass put desire in my  
soul

To attain to the City below in the Valley of Hope,  
But my grey path led beyond the horizon's roll,  
Binding my feet in the web of a dream-made rope.

Reluctant, I followed the path, where I knew was  
Pain,

The distance glared with a furnace glow in the  
sky,

And the voice of the sea and the splashing of tropic  
rain

Were the hiss of the steam from untaught  
Machinery.

John Eugene Crombie

My dream-path led through the Furnace, and Pain,  
and Fire—

I could not stay nor turn from the road in flight—  
But I knew it would lead me back past the Hill of  
Desire

To the warm hearth-stones in the City of Quiet  
Delight.

### The Pedlar

THERE'S a broken, lame old pedlar a-limping  
down the street,  
Cold sorrow at his heart, a hard road beneath his  
feet,  
Lifeless walls around him and a leaden sky above  
As he searches through the city for the face of his  
lost Love.

Red and blue and golden leaps the flame of his  
desire ;  
Red, for glowing embers of a vagabond's night fire,  
Blue, to seek the deep unfathomed glory of the sea,  
And gold for Northern sunsets, wealth of beggars  
such as he.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

The fire and sea and sunset are the face of his lost  
Love,  
His heart is plucked by stronger chords than ever  
cities wove,  
But, buried 'twixt the pavement grey, grey walls  
and smoke-hid skies  
In a closely leaded coffin the old pedlar's lost love  
lies.

## The Gate

MUSING alone beside my midnight fire  
On some old tale of bygone chivalry,  
I heard upon the wind's unending sigh  
The muffled feet of many thousand years.  
I saw them pass, grey-cloaked and travel-stained,  
Toward a crystal gate beyond the stars.  
He that is called the Builder came to me  
And took me by the hand, and then he spake :  
"This is the Gate through which the years must pass  
To be absolved from the Eternal Curse  
And lay aside their shabby cloak of sin.  
Brave men have brought their strength and gentle-  
ness,  
Children have brought their laughter, women tears  
For stones to build the Crystal Gate—and thou ? "

John Eugene Crombie

## Desolation

OVER the bare, blank line of the ridge,  
Over the stump of Sentinel Tree,  
The moon slowly crosses the unseen bridge  
That is set in the sky from the hills to the sea.

The sun's pale sister, moving yet dead,  
The scars show dark on her weary face :  
Is it strife of a million years that have bled  
Her heart's life, and set Death's frosty sheen in  
her place ?

Is she watching our strife, the tired moon ? Can  
she see  
How the earth's face is scarred, her life ebbing  
fast ?  
And only the shorn stump of Sentinel Tree  
Prays in silence, " How long will her agony last ? "

TRENCHES, December, 1916.

## The Mist

ALWAYS the rolling mist,  
Wrapping the scene in wet and fleecy fold,  
Moved as a curtain by the sluggish wind,  
Lifting and swaying, falling damp and cold,  
It sweeps, yet passes never, soft and blind.

Have sunbeams never kissed  
These dreary hills and life-forsaken slopes—  
Hidden like women's shoulders in a gown  
That mars their beauty? Only shattered hopes  
And ghostly fears people the shadowed down.  
These sunless wreaths are curling round my heart:  
The deadening fingers of the passing years  
Are closing, and I cannot thrust apart  
Their tightening grip. . . . No ray of sun appears,  
Only the rolling mist.

HUTS, FRANCE, December, 1916.

John Eugene Crombie

## The Shrine

THE first bright spears have pierced the  
armoured brown,  
Broadened and drooped, and snowdrops speck  
the field :  
The lengthening gaze of daylight looking down  
Is shocked to see the hedge-row winter sealed  
Sleeping in nakedness, and stirs her frame  
And with the hawthorn bids her hide her shame.

Returning through the fields at evening hour  
I lay before Thy shrine my offering,  
My candle-flame a yellow crocus flower,  
Its life but newly lit to Thee I bring  
In thanks that I can see Thy guiding hand  
In every flower that decorates the land.

BILLETS, FRANCE, *March, 1917.*

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

### Easter Day, 1917—The Eve of the Battle

I ROSE and watched the eternal giant of fire  
Renew his struggle with the grey monk Dawn,  
Slowly supreme, though broadening streaks of blood  
Besmirch the threadbare cloak, and pour his flood  
Of life and strength on our yet sleeping choir,  
As I went out to church on Easter morn.

Returning with the song of birds and men  
Acclaiming victory of throbbing life,  
I saw the fairies of the morning shower  
Giving to drink each waking blade and flower,  
I saw the new world take Communion then—  
And now 'tis night and we return to strife.

HUTS, FRANCE, April, 1917.

GEOFFREY H. CRUMP

MAJOR, ESSEX REGIMENT

## God

I WENT alone into the fields to-night,  
And stood upon the hillside, where the oaks  
Have stood and talked of God in the twilight  
For centuries, and cracked their ancient jokes  
Over our heads ; those veterans know more  
Of God than we have learned with all our lore.

I pressed my cheek against an oak's rough bark,  
And watched the sun drop down behind the hill ;  
Silence fell on the valley ; the last lark  
Was hushed ; and suddenly the wind was still . . .  
A breath of air went rustling through the trees,  
And God passed by me in the sunset breeze.

A clock chimed in the valley down below ;  
Some children shouted ; and the blue smoke curled  
Out of the cottage chimneys—'twas as though  
There could be nothing ugly in the world ;  
The lights gleamed from the houses in the wood ;  
And God smiled, for He saw that it was good.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

Then, as I laid my head upon the ground,  
And waited there for dark night's close embrace,  
I heard, far off, a murmuring, rumbling sound,  
As if the earth groaned at her own disgrace ;  
It trembled on the breeze, swelled, and then died ;  
Again the branches rustled, and God sighed.

## Sunset

LIKE a vast forest on some distant plain,  
Out in the west, dark, rounded clouds lay low  
Upon the sea : o'er them, the sun's broad train—  
The glories of the golden afterglow.

Gold, and then crimson : changing, through degrees  
Of red and green, to fields of turquoise blue :  
Then darker blue, that challenges the seas  
To deeper darkness, as the storm-clouds do.

Then, when the stars gleamed faintly, blushing red  
At their own eagerness : and as this feast  
Of beauty seemed complete, and day was dead,  
I turned my face, and looked toward the east.

There I saw that which made me hold my breath ;  
I'd thought the sunset fair : now met my sight,

## Geoffrey H. Crump

In perfect contrast—like the peace of death  
After life's glare—the grandeur of the night.

In empty sky, still tinged with wondrous blue,  
The full moon hung, displaying royally  
Her cold and naked beauty, as she threw  
Her path of silver moonbeams on the sea.

God showed me then, that, if we learn to love  
The beauties that He sends us in our day,  
More lovely yet will night celestial prove—  
The perfect calm of passions passed away.

INDIAN OCEAN, November, 1916.

## Off St. Helena

WHEN I sit silent on the swaying deck,  
And drink in the soft splendour of the night,  
The pale, proud moon ; the sky, all cloud a-fleck ;  
The silver balls of phosphorescent light  
In the white foam ; the davits curving black  
Against the sky ; the tall and stately mast,  
Swinging from star to star—though these all lack  
Nothing of beauty, perfect, pure, and vast,  
'Tis naught to me : save that I may devise  
That I do look again into your eyes.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

### Plymouth Mists

**T**EAR-DIMMED eyes my loved one lifted,  
When she said good-bye to me ;  
Sweet, grey eyes, where colours shifted  
Like the shadows on the sea :  
O'er the cliffs of Devon, keeping  
Guard, like eyes, o'er Devon's mouth,  
Sad; grey mists came stilly creeping,  
Sorrow-laden, from the South.

Through the weary weight of sadness,  
And the numbness of despair,  
Came a thought that turned to gladness  
Even the pain I could not bear :  
Those proud cliffs were calling clearly,  
As Drake heard them in his day :—  
“ England knows you love her dearly,  
Weeps to send you far away.”

’Neath this brazen, blazing heaven,  
In a wilderness of sand,  
Daily England’s lives are given  
For her newest, oldest land ;

## Geoffrey H. Crump

Does there come a dream, consoling  
Those who die on foreign ground,  
Of the sea-mists, slowly rolling  
Homewards over Plymouth Sound ?

Should I die, I'll see them drifting  
Through the mirage, ere I go ;  
Maybe, if the mists are lifting,  
I'll see sunshine on the Hoe !  
Should I live, when this is over,  
And we've done what is to do,  
England, smile to greet your lover,  
When he hurries home to you !

BASRA, December, 1916.

R. C. G. DARTFORD

CAPTAIN, ATTACHED TO PORTUGUESE EXPEDITIONARY  
FORCE, FRANCE

### A Soldier's Question: Spring, 1917

CURSE I the Spring that God has sent  
Raising such discord in my soul? . . .  
'Twas fitter when the winter's blast  
Could lash my spirit to the mast  
And send me drugged by brute control  
To battle with a grim content!

Then Death took hold on the neck of Life  
And Earth's rough scalp lay touzled and scarred,  
And the winter-scream swept round me fierce—  
The softer visions to disperse—  
While stripped by storms I stood on guard  
Cleaving the wind with keener knife.

But now with Spring to dream or grieve  
I am tempted, and the blushful day  
Reveals her old-time beauty, far  
From mating with the ghost of War.  
Am I then laggard if I pray  
From this soul's scaffold quick reprieve?

## War-time Consolation

BUT for the watches dark  
Would you welcome the morrow ?  
Can any joy reach your heart  
But mounts upon sorrow ?  
Surely pains in which you take part  
Pleasures will borrow ?

## Welcome Death

WHEN you've been dead beat, and had to  
go on  
While others died ; when your turn to be gone  
Is overdue ; when you're pushed ahead  
(" Go on till you die " is all they said),  
Then die—and you're glad to be dead !

CLIFFORD J. DRUCE  
2ND LIEUT., GLOUCESTER REGIMENT

Forecast

If I should chance to fall, and find  
A last couch on this soil of France,  
Do not seek out with yearning mind  
The place, nor give my grave one glance.

The cross would mark a cenotaph ;  
And careless of the flesh thus laid  
In unfamiliar earth, I'd laugh  
To know how quickly it decayed.

My spirit, freed, impatient still  
At the irrelevant, blind stroke  
That stole the servant of its will  
With all half-done, with thews unbroke,

Would swiftly reach the land which knew  
The love that time had not yet staled,  
And haunt the country whence it drew  
The life that has not sped nor failed.

## Clifford J. Druce

Perhaps beside some lonely copse  
A brook would flow with less of ease,  
The brooding wind that sways the tops  
Murinur more plaintive in the trees.

And should you, lingering there alone,  
Feel on your face, some evening  
Its touch, that stranger, rarer grown,  
Clothes some sweet, straining, half-spoke thing ;

Know that the fate self-fixed must yet  
Endure, whether I die or live ;  
And I still strive to ease the debt  
Of kisses I was born to give.

FRANCE, *May, 1917.*

## To a Grave of the Glosters

A WOODEN cross above your head,  
You lie, your course already sped ;  
And in this alien plain must rest -  
The bones and body Cotswold bred.

Not long since, insolent with life  
You made the beech-topped barrow rife  
With your tumultuous vivid youth,  
With other lads, in sport and strife.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

And though you shook the earth o'er those  
Old warriors, close couched there in rows,

Your careless clamour had no power  
To trouble their sublime repose :

Who, if they felt at all the tread  
Of such as you pass overhead,

Wise with the wisdom of long years  
Were patient, knowing that their bed

Was spacious, patient too, withal ;

That centuries after you were thrall

To undistinguished dust, they still  
Would hold their place, each in his stall.

But now, ere many months are told  
Over *your* head, encased in mould,

Children may play, with little care  
Of one beneath them, silent, cold.

Take my salute : ere twenty years  
You knew, you reckon as your peers

The men of axe and spear of stone,  
As far removed as they from fears

And doubts that vex men such as me.  
From all demands from henceforth free

On weary limbs and spirit tired,  
You hold eternity in fee.

## Spring in Picardy

WHEN earth was bare, and sky a murky pall,  
And snow and sleet filled all the miles and  
days

That held us two-asunder, all my gaze  
Was bounded by an impenetrable wall  
Of chill, numbed, burdened hours, that rose so tall  
I only dimly knew that your fair ways  
Lay far beyond it, where desire could raise  
To bring you nearer, no sufficient call.

Ah God ! that blank was better borne than this  
Flushed wantonness of May, these maiden leaves  
That bare themselves to bathe in the ardent  
moon.

There is a false note in the wood-dove's croon ;  
And all is meaningless, show that deceives,  
Hollow, lacking its core and clue—your kiss.

H. S. GRAHAM

CAPT., R.E.T.

## The Seers

THE Poets who have sung have not revealed  
The great abiding purpose for which God  
Has led again the Nations to the Field  
Of Blood, through which our fathers oftentimes trod.

And we must wait ; for unto them alone  
The Truth is naked who themselves, ahead  
Of all their fellow-men, away have thrown  
Their Life, and on the battlefield lie dead.

To them who thus to God have bared the Soul  
Is shown the Truth, the Victory of Loss,  
Of Sacrifice of all for God, the bowl  
Which Jesus drained for man upon the Cross !

To them we turn, our lost, our best, our brave !  
Yet should we hear though one rose from the grave ?

FRANCE, 1916.

## The Field of Blood

STRANGER, this foreign field wherein you lie  
Has many human vessels fashioned true  
Under the Potter's Thumb. The Priests did buy  
It with the silver Traitor Judas threw  
Into the Treasury, as he confessed  
He had betrayed the Blood of Innocence.  
They bought the field for weary Strangers' rest ;  
And you are Stranger thrice,—to War's offence,  
To death and to this land. The World allied  
To other Traitors long have seized Our Lord  
And by this War have Him re-crucified ;  
And soldiers guard His Tomb with naked swords.  
But for all this the stone shall roll away,  
And you shall rise with Him on Easter Day !

*6th December, 1916.*

WILFRID J. HALLIDAY

2ND LIEUT., WEST YORKS

“An Unknown British Soldier”

TIS just a little wooden cross  
In lonely grandeur there  
That smiles upon a rugged mound  
Of weedy, unattended ground,  
For he was no man's care.

A broken bayonet marked the spot  
And troops would turn aside,  
Till loving hands rough cast the wood  
And shaped a cross, emblem of blood,  
To tell where he had died.

He died unowned, for none could tell  
The silent hero's name :  
They saw the bloody wounds he bore,  
The shattered limbs, but nothing more,  
And knew not whence he came.

## Wilfrid J. Halliday

“ An unknown British soldier ”—that  
Was all that they could say.  
'Twas not for them to wet the eye,  
Why lives a soldier but to die?  
And so they went their way.

But I may pause and probe his heart  
Before the shadow fell,  
And think that he had still a prayer  
For those frail souls who soon would share  
The moment black as Hell.

• • • •  
The flowers had bloomed when last I looked,  
The grass was freshly mown :  
A shapely cross so chastely white  
Shone in the dazzling noonday light,  
Yet still the same “ Unknown.”

Unknown ! Ah, no ! thy name still lives,  
For One had seen thee fall  
And marked the sacrifice thus made,  
The debt of love so nobly paid,  
Faithful to Freedom’s call.

FRANCE, *August, 1917.*

MALCOLM HEMPHREY  
CORPORAL, ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS

The New Year\*

THE white moon like a queenly ship  
Sails down the blue and tropic night,  
And all the clouds in homage slip  
Into her light.

A quiet veil lies on the earth,  
Whose silver glory makes me sad—  
Beyond, ah me ! War's crashing mirth  
Rings wild and mad.

Begone, old year, pass from thy own,  
And make thou way for newer life ;  
Nor grace nor pity will atone  
For all thy strife.

I watch thy last few embers die,  
And thy bleak ashes—blown around  
By strong winds that go whirling by—  
Sink to the ground.

\* The idea of this poem came to me on the last night of the old year as, lying awake long after "lights out," I gazed out at the sky through my tent lattice-window.

## Malcolm Hemphrey

But rise to sink, and each black flake  
Clings as a lambent stain upon  
The young year's blossoms as they wake  
And then is gone.

Yet wait ! some day a greater gale  
Of Hope and Faith shall drive all doubt  
And sharp despair beyond the pale—  
Shall drive without

The soul's infinite sorrow and  
Vast shadows of a red, red year,  
And undefiled, superbly grand,  
Holy and dear

Again the asphodel shall grace  
The world's lone, ravaged wilderness ;  
And Youth, in roaming through that place  
Of quietness,

Shall rest beside the peaceful graves  
Where wild bees hover in the grass,  
Which every warm and soft breeze waves ;  
And ere he pass

Shall kneel and lift a hymn of praise  
For those who fought, without a fear  
Or doubting heart to tear, to raise  
God's good New Year !

EAST AFRICA, January, 1917.

BRIAN HILL  
2ND LIEUT., DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY

## Salonika in November

UP above the grey hills the wheeling birds are calling,

Round about the cold grey hills in never-resting flight ;

Far along the marshes a drifting mist is falling,

Scattered tents and sandy plain melt into the night.

Round about the grey hills rumbles distant thunder,

Echoes of the mighty guns firing night and day,—

Grey guns, long guns, that smite the hills asunder,

Grumbling and rumbling, and telling of the fray.

Out among the islands twinkling lights are glowing,

Distant little fairy lights, that gleam upon the bay ;

All along the broken road grey transport waggons going

Up to where the long grey guns roar and crash alway.

## Brian Hill

Up above the cold grey hills the wheeling birds are  
    crying,

Brother calls to brother, as they pass in restless  
    flight.

Lost souls, dead souls, voices of the dying,  
    Circle o'er the hills of Greece and wail into the  
        night.

MARTIN HILL  
CORPORAL, R.A.M.C.

## On Seeing the Coast of England from Boulogne

A LONG low line of polished white  
Faintly the cliffs of England gleam,  
Now slowly fading out of sight,  
Now swiftly leaping back, they seem  
Strange joys, strange sorrows to impart,  
And voices whisper at my heart.

A quiet wood, a quiet lane,  
The song of birds amid the trees,  
The splash of sun, the sting of rain,  
The warm sweet air, the sighing breeze,  
And you beside our cottage door  
At eventide. Dear heart, once more

I see the first faint sunbeam tip  
The East with gold, the hills light up,  
Or stealing lower softly sip  
The dewdrop from the rose's cup ;  
The glint of gorse upon the down,  
The long ploughed meadow strong and brown.

## Martin Hill

We wander 'mid the grassfield where  
The busy reaper wends his way,  
The sharp scythe flashes on the air,  
Heavy the scent of new-mown hay  
Floats down the breeze, and all around  
The stricken poppies strew the ground.

Slowly my half-felt sorrows go  
And hope comes, gazing seaward where  
The dim cliffs glitter, for I know  
That these and you await me there,  
And I shall find them dearer far  
Enriched by all the pangs of war.

## Requiescat

**H**OW young and bright he was, and when he  
laughed  
The air around seemed sharing in his joy ;  
Fair was the world to him, nor spot nor stain  
Of all its hidden ugliness had laid  
A mark upon his face (that mark that sears  
And brands the souls that know it but too well) ;  
But all that's lovely in it lay beneath  
The wonder that shone shyly in his eyes.  
A child of Nature he, of woods and sunlit ways,  
Of rolling meadows where the air was sweet

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

With new-born blossoms and the scent of hay ;  
Of hills and valleys, laughing streams and lakes  
Where rustling reeds their whispered secrets told.  
All these he knew and loved, they were his friends,  
His sole companions, and through them he learnt  
To know his mother Nature ; all her moods  
Diverse and strange he learnt them one by one ;  
Her summer laughter and her autumn tears,  
Her seeming winter harshness and the sweet  
Serene repentance of her early spring.  
Life was his love, and in her warm soft arms  
He freedom found from care, repose and peace,  
And finding knew that it sufficed.

And then came War to claim him, dragged him forth,  
Forth from his quiet world, and flung him down  
Bewildered and amazed, yet unafraid,  
The merest cypher in that crowded train.  
So hour by hour the meanness of War,  
And all its horrors, petty hates and sins  
Raged round his struggling head, until the day  
A wandering bullet found him, and Death took  
Unto himself what Life once held so dear.

His face was smiling when they picked him up  
As though he'd learnt his Mother's last great secret  
And in learning found all well.

No. 7 STATIONARY HOSPITAL, B.E.F., FRANCE.

HAROLD JOHN JARVIS

CORPORAL, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S LIGHT INFANTRY

Dulce et Decorum est Pro Patriâ  
Mori

If England calls to-day—  
The last long call of all,  
Valhalla's Trumpet-call :  
Then may I live until  
The Goal shines past the Hill  
And in the last grand rally  
Hear echoed God's Reveille  
In the Home Camp.

If England calls this day—  
If in the great, grim fight  
I fall—with eyes all bright  
With sacrificial flame  
Whispering Her great name :  
Let these weak verses show  
To all the friends I know—  
I gladly died.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

If England calls this day—  
Remembered not hardship  
Glad-borne in War's dread grip—  
Not the strain of training,  
Or a year's campaigning,  
But the joy of greeting  
Pleasures, tho' but fleeting,  
Entwined therewith.

If England calls this day—  
May those who gave their love,  
Who lifted me above  
The petty things of Earth,  
And taught me all the worth  
Of splendid aim in Life,  
Know I, 'mid all this strife,  
Remember them.

If England calls this day—  
The last sweet Twilight calm,  
When guns withheld their harm  
Awhile, and let me dream  
Of Things That might Have Been—  
Leaf-music in the trees,  
And treasured reveries,  
Shall die with me.

## Harold John Jarvis

If England calls this day—  
No craven heart would go  
From out a world loved so,  
As I love this. Each day  
More loved is Nature's sway  
Of Earth, its every joy  
Of Pain or Joy—yet I,  
So gladly die.

If England calls this day—  
With yet one aim unwon,  
Of all aims just the one  
Far dearer than the rest—  
To woo and win the best  
Thing that the World can give—  
The Gift of Love—To Live  
I would not wish.

If England calls this day—  
Then shall I die that She  
May live in Liberty—  
That She may still be great  
To rise above blind Hate  
Of Foes—Her Flag unfurled,  
God's England to the world,  
For aye to be.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

If England calls this day—

The rose-clad days of June,  
That fled by all too soon,  
Shall be with me again  
In Memory—and when  
The daylight sudden closes,  
The perfume of June Roses  
                                  Shall waft me hence.

If England calls this day—

From those far Hills of Home,  
Beyond the sky's dim dome—  
Shall merge Valkyries fair,  
Swift riding thro' the air—  
Who know I shall be there,  
Treading the rose-strewn stair  
                                  To that New Land.

If England calls this day—

In the Valkyrie's touch  
Shall be forgotten much :  
Her flying, perfumed hair  
Shall speak of Roses rare—  
And climbing thro' the breeze,  
Remembered melodies  
                                  Shall call me Home.

## At a Wayside Shrine

THE column halts before a wayside shrine  
To change formation into battle line  
From double file. 'Tis even, and the sun  
Its daily circling race has wellnigh done.  
Behind me in the West, a dying glow  
Of gold still gleams, to cast a pale halo  
Upon the shrine.

How many men before  
To-night have halted at this spot, and wore  
The same grim, ready look that I see now  
Painted on every face from chin to brow,  
And in each eye? One and all are ready  
For come what may; each man now stands steady  
Waiting command.

And now the line will pass  
The shrine—itself as steady as the mass  
Of England's sons slow moving to the fray,  
Their Destiny now in the hands of—say,  
The dim Divinity within that shrine—  
A loving God (the stricken Christ His sign  
Of Love)—or what?

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

'The shrine is rent and drilled  
With bullets—aye, and some of them have killed,  
Passing right thro' the thin mud walls, and past  
The Hanging Figure in the plaster cast,  
On to some human target, trudging by,  
(Dropping it low with sharp surpriséd cry)  
Even as I trudge by.

So have some died  
For Right—bravely as Christ the Crucified  
Died on Calvary's Cross ; just as brave  
And just as sacrificially. To save  
The world He died, or so the worn-out creeds  
Of Church would teach—but they, but men, dared  
deeds  
And died as men. . . .

Because of Greater Love—  
That Love of Loves, all other loves above—  
The love of Home and Friends and Native Soil.  
That these might never be the Foeman's spoil,  
They gave their lives, their youth, their golden  
dreams  
And airy castles, built where Sunlight gleams,  
And Roses bloom . . .

## Harold John Jarvis

And gave them willingly  
As Christ gave His, that day on Calvary.

A stricken Christ . . . a broken shrine . . . and  
men

In khaki marching by. . . . How little less  
Divine these khaki-clads in their worn dress  
Than He, the Christ of God? For in each man  
The same soul burns.

And ere I leave the shrine,  
I look upon the Christ—then at the line  
Of men . . . back to His face and those closed eyes  
So open when one lingeringly looks  
As if into their depths. These men . . . those  
eyes . . .

Loving, pain-haunted eyes, hard gazing down  
They seem,  
On these—these other Christs in thin disguise  
Of khaki-brown.

D. T. JONES  
2ND LIEUT., M.G.C., FRANCE

### Flint

STAND in a hall, where carvèd men  
Make love to thee and win thy heart.  
And when thou kispest, cling for aye :  
For of their band, thou art.

### To a Warship

PROUD monster, swung in the bosom of the  
prouder deep,  
I hear thy song, that hustles down the corridors of  
Time ;  
Is doom exultant in its strains—or is it peace ?

Cast forth thy iron soul upon the seas—and break  
This cruel Inquisition of To-day.

What wilt thou sing ? What story wilt thou tell ?  
Where dwells thy fate—in Heaven or in Hell ?

B.E.F., FRANCE, *August 16, 1917.*

R. WATSON KERR  
2ND LIEUT., TANK CORPS

## Sounds by Night

I HEAR the dull low thunder of the guns  
Beyond the hills that doze uneasily,  
A sullen doomful growl that ever runs  
From end to end of the heavy freighted sky :  
A friend of mine writes, squatted on the floor,  
And scrapes by yellow spluttering candle light.  
“ Ah, hush ! ” he breathes, and gazes at the door,  
That creaks on rusty hinge, in pale affright !  
(No words spoke he, nor I, for well we knew  
What rueful things these sounds did tell.)  
A pause—I hear the trees sway sighing thro’  
The gloom, like dismal moan of hollow knell,  
Then out across the dark, and startling me  
Bursts forth a laugh, a shout of drunken glee !

FRANCE, 1917.

## Rain

AH! when it rains all day  
And the sky is a mist  
That creeps by chillily  
Where sun once kissed,  
Like death pale shroud,  
My soul cries out aloud  
In hopeless misery.

I cannot read nor write  
A line for gloom,  
My life lags, drenched of light  
To cheer its tomb ;  
Chill and wet,  
Comfortless I fret  
In hopeless night !

And naught to hear but rain  
Battering the ground !  
O numbing pain !  
O maddening sound !  
Drowned in sky  
Trees drip, drip, and sigh  
And drip, drip, again !

FRANCE, 1917.

## The Ancient Thought

THE round moon hangs like a yellow lantern in  
the trees  
That lie like lace against the silk blue sky ;  
O still the night ! O hushed the breeze—  
Surely God is very nigh.

## At the Base

THINK not of me as facing Death,  
Tattered, labouring for breath ;  
Rather think of one who strays  
Dreaming dreams by perfumed ways.

Soon I may die, ah, true, 'tis true,  
But look ! the night is rich with blue  
Of peaceful skies, and soft the breeze  
Sings in the trembling poplar trees !

And slowly thro' the rustling grass  
O'er woodland glade, I, dreaming, pass ;  
To-morrow ? Death ? Ah, what are these  
But passing childish phantasies !

FRANCE, July, 1917.

## In Bitterness

TAKE Thou this box,  
O Heart's Desire,  
In it lies Thy ring  
And more, my heart, bleeding ;  
Take out Thy ring,  
O Heart's Desire,  
And, laughing, toss the box  
Into the fire !

FRANCE, *July, 1917.*

DUDLEY H. HARRIS

CADET, TANK CORPS

## Left Alone

LEFT alone among the dying !  
All around are moaning, sighing,  
Or are cursing, sobbing, crying  
    In Death's crushing, hushing hand.  
We are torn upon the wire,  
We are scorched and burnt with fire,  
Or lie choking in the mire  
    Of the star-lit "No Man's Land."

## Dudley H. Harris

Hear our prayers, O ! gentle Jesus,  
Send Thine angels down to ease us  
From the pains of Hell that seize us,

From our burning, yearning thirst.

We are broken, we are battered,  
Bodies twisted, crushed and shattered  
By the shells and bullets scattered

On this strip of land accurst.

Round about are shadows creeping,  
Formless Things which wake the sleeping,  
Glaring eyes from shell-holes peeping,

Mocking always at our pain.

Cold and wet our limbs are numbing,  
Fevered brows are drumming, drumming—  
Are the stretchers *never* coming ?

Are we numbered with the slain ?

God in Heaven, canst Thou hear us ?  
Mary Mother ! Dost Thou fear us ?  
Stretcher-bearers, are you near us ?

Give us water or we die !

But a grisly shadow's creeping  
With his cruel scythe a-reaping  
Weary souls which fall to sleeping  
In a choking, croaking sigh.

FRANK C. LEWIS  
FLIGHT SUB-LIEUT., R.N.A.S.

Belgium, 1914

I

THE lithe flames flicker through the veil of  
night,

Licking with bitter tongue ; and soon the dawn  
Will come, and gaunt and black against the white

Cool sky will loom a smoking home, forlorn  
Of all the joy and peace that once was there.

The pleading, pitiful dead lie mute and cold  
And all unintended still. The fields are bare  
Of the young green, the parent of the gold.

O little land, great-hearted, who didst give  
Thine all for sake of others' liberty,

Flight Sub-Lieut. Frank C. Lewis, R.N.A.S., was killed in aerial combat in France on August 21st, 1917, aged 19 years. He had only been twelve days in France, being selected for a fighting squadron three days after he landed. His squadron commander described him as having already proved "a brilliant pilot," and of his last air fight that "he fought bravely to a noble end." He fell in our lines and is buried at Bailleul. The Belgium sonnets were written in 1915 while he was a boy at Marlborough.

## Frank C. Lewis

Knowing the cost, nor shrinking at the thought,  
Be sure that thy immortal name shall live  
Writ large in thine own ashes. Men shall cry,  
“ This was a nation marvellously wrought ! ”

### II

There came a voice from out the darkness crying—  
A pleading voice, the voice of one in thrall—  
“ Come, ye who pass—oh, heed ye not my sighing ?  
Come and deliver ! Hear, oh hear my call !  
For when the invader stood before my gate  
Demanding passage through with haughty tone,  
A voice cried loud, ‘ Wilt thou endure this fate ?  
Better have death than live when honour’s  
flown ! ’  
And so my children now lie slain by him  
I had not wronged ; with strife my land is riven ;  
Dishonoured here I lie with fettered limb.  
To desecration all my shrines are given,  
And nought remains but bondage drear and grim. . . .  
God ! Is there any justice under heaven ? ”

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

### Ad Profunda

WE have built high walls of pomp and pride  
And wealth, around our inmost Being,  
And deep, unseen, within there hide  
Visions too bright for our dull seeing.

We yearning stand, and cannot pass  
To where the Soul with these is One ;  
Our utterance is as the grass  
Withering beneath the noonday sun.

The Waters of Infinity  
Break on the spirit's lonely shore :  
Lo ! the wall crumbles, and we see  
All we have hoped and striven for.

O, then all time is lost in Time,  
The Soul has burst its prison-bars :  
We walk with feet still deep in slime,  
But with our heads above the stars.

## The Downs, looking from Savernake Forest

WITH eager steps I climbed the hill  
Ploughed with deep, age-old furrows, till  
I reached the forest's edge and gazed  
Across the low red town smoke-hazed,  
Upon the downs, windy and bare,  
Ridge upon ridge unending. There  
No sound is heard save only these,  
The wind's wild song 'mid lonely trees,  
The echo of sheep-bells, and the cry  
Of peewits circling in the sky.  
Back in the dawn of time on earth,  
Before she brought her sons to birth,  
You stood the same as now you stand—  
Untroubled, vast, majestic, grand :  
Only you had not heard the tramp,  
Old Hackpen Hill and Barbury Camp,  
Of many an army passing by  
Under a blue and cloud-flecked sky.  
And happy they who fell in fight  
Upon your clear and wind-swept height :  
With thunder for their requiem  
And the dark clouds to weep for them,

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

They dream the centuries away  
Through changeless night and changeless day.

O Downs, I think it good that you  
Have given your secret to the few  
Who love you and can understand.  
You are not as this other land  
Trodden by all who chance to pass :  
Only we tread your close-cropped grass  
Who love to feel the beat of rain  
Washing away all town-born pain :  
Wind : and the heights whence one may see  
The littleness of man : and we  
There feel at last that we are free.

P. H. B. LYON  
LIEUT., DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY

## Requiem

LET others comfort your distress  
With soldier tales of simple art,  
Telling his strength, his manliness,  
The noble way he played his part.  
You should be proud ;—ah, gallant heart,  
Say not that pride is comfortless.

But I have rarer words than praise,  
For more than common love was mine,  
And now his dear remembered ways  
Are treasured in the sacred shrine  
Where human mingles with divine,  
A solace for the lonely days.

He battled for no worldly hire,  
No stern ambition to appease,  
From fight to fight his heart's desire  
Was set on higher things than these—  
His home beside the English seas,  
And children's faces round the fire,

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

Red clouds, and the low sun agleam  
In cottage windows dim with age,  
The summer sounds of wood and stream,  
These were his faith, his heritage ;  
His life—a happy pilgrimage,  
And death the dawning of a dream.

And on that day he went to die  
His spirit soared on rainbow wings,  
Gladly he went, with head held high,  
And singing as a lover sings  
To greet the dusky night, that brings  
His hour of happiness more nigh.

Ah, surely when his life was sped  
That spirit hastened to your side.  
Would you but raise your weeping head  
You'd hear him whisper in the tide,  
Or on the winds of heaven ride  
For ever with the mighty dead.

## The Lay of the Bombardier (Old style)

MY ways are lonely and apart,  
My very name a thing of fear ;  
I am the man without a heart,  
I am the Lord High Bombardier.

My mattins is the shrapnel's scream,  
My evensong the bullet's crack ;  
The happy state of which I dream  
To strafe and never be strafed back.

Oft-times with Red Hats hovering near  
I hold a mystic high debate  
On how to fill the Beche with fear,  
On Frightfulness, or " What is Hate ? "

How some bombs burst long ere they land,  
Others, the choicest, as they fall ;  
How some dissect the thrower's hand,  
While most will never burst at all.

With that spring-throated Juggernaut  
That spits explosive at the sky.  
No dark-browed scholar devil-taught  
Could be more intimate than I.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

For me no more the secret cult

    Of "Jampot," "Hairbrush," "Pitcher," "Ball,"  
Holds fear; the erratic catapult  
    Has lost all power to appal.

With many a brother anarchist

    By night I prowl from ten till one,  
Thirsting to keep a bloody tryst  
    With some rotund unready Hun.

So runs my life, but when the end  
    Comes on the wings of shot or shell,  
No tears will save, nor loving friend,  
    For me there waits the bomber's Hell,

Where with the unsubstantial shades  
    In groves where shells eternal fall  
I'll fill Satanic hand-grenades  
    With fourth-dimension ammonal.

FLANDERS, 1915.

IAN H. T. MACKENZIE  
2ND LIEUT., HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY

### Desire

THIS is my desire  
Which burns the fuel of my soul.  
O terrible white fire !  
Leaping to blister the sky.  
Beyond my sight ;  
Ever reaching higher ;  
My strength and my delight ;  
Oh out of my control !  
This is my desire :—

To hear the song that beauty sings,  
To refashion the earth with the joy of things,  
To grasp in a corner of my mind  
The sunlit clouds, the driving wind. [  
To let imagination fly  
Up the beauty of the sky.  
To hold it with me when I go  
To sing my song on earth below.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

This is the desire  
Which burns the fuel of my soul.  
O terrible white fire !  
Leaping to blister the sky.  
Beyond my sight ;  
Ever reaching higher ;  
My strength and my delight ;  
Oh out of my control !  
This is my desire.

## And So Man Lives

**A**ND so man lives  
Between those shadowy gates  
Where darkness covers up his memory,  
And thought with thought forever separates  
The disconnected things that he can see.  
Those two strange steeps :  
One whence he wakes,  
And how he cannot tell ;  
One in which he falls  
And knows not how he fell,  
Where life with memory breaks.

Ian H. T. Mackenzie

Memory like water  
Surging round our ears  
Brings its echoes, softer  
Than the sound of laughter—  
Laughter of some strange forgotten years.

• . . . .  
Someone gazing in a stream sees reflections hurry by;

Someone underneath a tree searching all its greenery;

Someone looking at a face holds a flying memory.

• . . . .  
Broken images that pass  
Through a twisted looking-glass ;  
Things we do and things we say  
Ever fluttering away.

• . . . .  
Disconnected things we see  
In the brightness of the day :

Just a flower growing there  
In the happiness of air.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

Tiny little birds that sing  
In the melody of spring.

• • • •  
What we are and what we see  
Are only shreds of memory.  
Broken shreds and fragments pass  
Through a twisted looking-glass.

CHARLES JOHN BEECH MASEFIELD

M.C., ACTING CAPT., 5TH NORTH STAFFS REGT.

(Killed in Action, July, 1917)

### Enlisted, or The Recruits

HUMBLY, O England, we offer what is of little  
worth,  
Just our bodies and souls and everything else we  
have ;  
But thou with thy holy cause wilt hallow our  
common earth,  
Giving us strength in the battle—and peace, if need,  
in the grave.

Humble, O England, we are, for of hero-fathers we  
come,  
Men that contested with tyrants the mightier  
destinies ;  
Philip of Spain we remember, and the ships that  
never went home,  
And him that was caught at last, and isled in the  
warder seas.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

Humbly, O England, we bring thee life in its folly-stained youth,  
That which, it may be, has striven, but ever has slackened and tired ;  
The faltering, often deceived, to combat now for the Truth,  
Dim-visioned, to smite 'for the morrow unknown but desired.

*September, 1914.*

## Sailing for Flanders

**T**O need any more the skies or man to importune  
For us departing to-day with spirits at peace,  
Now that the inner warfares, that tire men, cease—  
For us the chosen of God's lot, the spoilt darlings of Fortune.

Against the beasts in men let loose from their cages  
We go forth with a lightened and proud heart,  
We who are the men summoned to a high part,  
To be known of the envious youth of unborn ages.

Charles John Beech Masefield.

We have feared old Death, but now have we learned  
our error,

Seeing him there in the mire us so kindly await—  
A comrade befitting the hour of a world's fate,  
And we look him full in the eyes ; we are rid of our  
last terror.

True that Death is an ill, but the worse ills are many ;  
Shame and slow rotting, cold and greasy years,  
Pride in dishonour—these things hold our fears ;  
We can play pitch and toss with our lives as a boy  
with a penny.

We have spent ourselves to win us a lady's favour,  
But now the spending is grown to a leaping fire,  
And winning for ourselves seems but a strange  
desire ;

Her eyes are remote as stars ; her kisses have lost  
their savour.

We have put life away and spurn the ways of the  
living ;

We have broken with the old selves who gathered  
and got,

And are free with the freedom of men who have  
not ;

We partake the heroic fervours of giving and again  
giving.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

Was it only for Death we were borne of our  
Mothers?

Only for Death created the dear love of our  
wives?

Only for Death and in vain we endeavoured  
our lives?

Yea, life was given to be given; March onward,  
my brothers!

January, 1915.

## Two Julys

I WAS so vague in 1914; tossed  
Upon too many purposes, and worthless;  
Moody; to this world or the other lost,  
Essential nowhere; without calm and mirthless  
And now I have gained one for many ends,  
See my straight road stretch out so white, so  
slender,

That happy road, the road of all my friends,  
Made glad with peace, and holy with surrender.

Proud, proud we fling to the winds of Time our  
token,  
And in our need there wells in us the power,

## Charles John Beech Masefield

Given England's swords to keep her honour clean.  
Which they shall be which pierce, and which be  
broken,  
We know not, but we know that every hour  
We must shine brighter, take an edge more keen.

*July, 1915.*

## In Honorem Fortium

I SOMETIMES think that I have lived too long,  
Who have heard so many a gay brave singer's  
song.

Fail him for ever—seen so many sails  
Lean out resplendent to the evil gales,  
Then Death, the wrecker, get his harvest in.  
Oh, ill it is, when men lose all, to win ;  
Grief though it be to die, 'tis grief yet more  
To live and count the dear dead comrades o'er.

Peace. After all you died not. We've no fear  
But that, long ages hence, you will be near—  
A thought by night—on the warm wind a breath,  
Making for courage, putting old Death,

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

Living wherever men are not afraid  
Of aught but making bravery a parade.  
Yes, parleying with fear, they'll pause and say,  
"At Gommecourt boys suffered worse that day";  
Or, hesitating on some anxious brink,  
They will become heroic when they think,  
"Did they not rise mortality above  
Who staked a lifetime all made sweet with love?"

*May, 1917.*

JOHN MASON  
CAPTAIN, ROYAL SCOTS

## My Country

THERE is no dearer land in all the world  
Than thee, my country, girded by the sea,  
Where rocks re-echo to the bounding waters hurl'd,  
And all is endless sight and mystery to me.  
The silent distances of hills, replete  
With tideless joy, eternal hope  
Upspringing with the eagle's pennon-beat,  
Free to the airs, with ne'er a tether-rope  
To check its flight.

The sky above may weep, and seldom smile,  
And mirky be the frown upon thy brow.  
Yet O ! thy mountain woods and endless mile  
Of sea, sing joy unbound, and life, that now  
Expansive breathes the freshness of the free.  
Thy piney airs and salt-sea breezes blown,  
With peaty scent and loamy breath of lea  
Seek out the soul that nowhere else hath known  
The like to thee.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

There is no dearer land in all the world  
Than thee, my country, girded by the sea.  
'Twere joy to those who bear the flag unfurl'd  
In ruthless strife to keep thine acres free,  
To dip the hand in blood, the face to scar  
With sword of death, that thou unconquered may  
For Freedom stand, the vanquisher of war,  
Chaste guardian of the unprotected way  
To peace and right.

## HARLEY MATTHEWS

PRIVATE, A.I.F.

### Homeward

**T**O the old friends and faces,  
To the old life again,  
To often dreamed-of places,  
Pleasant in sun or rain :  
For home my face is set ;  
Home ! Madly goes my heart  
With calling up each minute  
Those visions none forget,  
All that the word has in it—  
For each man things apart.

We watched our land go from us,  
The sea stretched far, unknown ;  
To all it glowed with promise. . . .  
I watch the sea alone.  
Some lie within its sound,  
Scarce past its edge of foam,  
Yet hear it surging never.  
And some their grave have found  
Far from the sea for ever,  
The sea that takes us home.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

I hear you, waves that glisten,  
I see your path for me.  
Maybe the dead can listen,  
See more than I can see :  
Not for the guns, their sound  
Heard muffled through the loam,  
Nor noise of sea or heavens.  
Not see the trees around,  
No ! not the grass-roots even,  
But sounds and sights of home.

MURRAY McCLYMONT  
2ND LIEUT., 2/10TH (SCOTTISH) K.L.R.

### God's Acre

Dedicated to my "skipper," Captain Alan Cookson  
(killed in action 27th June, 1917), who now sleeps  
eternally in the shadow of the little grey church  
at . . .

WHEN sands of Time have run their course  
And mortal heart is stilled,  
We render back unto its Source  
The dust that He fulfilled ;

And in some still, subdued spot  
Where all is peace, and they  
Who walk the silent paths are taught  
To meditate and pray,

We to that dust its rest afford  
And dry our idle tears :  
For Death is peace, and Peace adored  
Reigns here throughout the years.

B.E.F., FRANCE, Sept., 1917.

## Hills of Home

**T**O gloam-blue hills that shadow moorland spaces,  
To legend-haunted vales where all is still,  
To that grey land where slumber martyred races,  
My spirit flees at will.

I hear from far away the whaup's wild crying  
Low o'er the moor and wind-swept fringe of sea,  
And longing fills my breast and I am sighing—  
Sighing for love of thee.

I see, as in a spell, the bracken flowing  
Like silver streams beneath a battered moon ;  
I see the heather darker, redder blowing—  
Flushing to crimson soon !

In dreams I roam the long-forsaken places,  
In scented wood, by rill and grassy howe ;  
And, smiling, greet the old familiar faces—  
And I am happy now !

Dear Hills of Home, I ask but this of Heaven  
(If thou my captive spirit wilt not free !)  
That in my dying moments I be given  
One last, fond kiss from thee.

## To a Fallen Comrade

I HEARD the voice of Spring come softly  
pleading

Across the fresh and breathing wold to-day :  
The sun, set free from cloudy bonds, was speeding  
To greet the earth with each impassioned ray.

Wide-flung my casement in the cool I listened !

The birds were busy toying with a song,  
And far afield where dappled grasses glistened  
The meadow brook was murmuring along.

And then there came a bee with yet the numbing

Languors of the winter on its wings :  
It turned to gold the quiet with its humming—  
And then resumed its drowsy wanderings.

I looked upon the fields and trees and hedges  
And saw before mine eyes a world reborn,  
And on beyond the green world's utmost edges . . .

*Where Hope retreated bleeding and forlorn !*

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

Ah ! then I knew that Spring would only bring me  
Blue skies and songs and flowers drenched with  
dew !

Ah ! then I knew that Spring could never bring me  
The friend I had and, having, lost in you !

*April, 1917.*

RUDOLPHE LOUIS NEGROZ

LANCE-CORPORAL, WEST YORKS

### Con Amore

If but my love were as my love should be,  
And pen a fitting scribe unto my heart,  
Even then your praise I could not worthily  
In ringing rime chime forth : no earthly art  
Could frame the incommunicable worth  
That is all yours, purchased with many tears,  
And patient bravery, and happiness of earth  
Renounced to buy your children's future years.  
Then on the little mound your toil made good  
Against a merciless tide of circumstance  
I'll stand, taking the breath of gratitude  
To mind and heart their power to enhance,  
That I may reach the ear of future times  
And hint my Mother's worth in these poor  
rimes.

The world must know your greatness, little Mother !  
I will not have it so to be confined  
That it should dwell but in the heart of my brother,  
My sister's and mine own, and in our mind

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

Invoke respect, tongue-tied however just.  
O Heart ! turn lyre within me ! You are stirred  
At her great contemplation, then you must  
Shake into song, though be it as a bird  
Whose artless iteration of his theme  
Makes music without skill, by virtue of  
The cherished sweetness of the Spring, his dream  
Through bitter Winter. Sing but of her love,  
Of her exceeding love, O Heart, then you  
May render somewhat of the debt her due.

So great your love is, Mother, it may be  
Nor held by words nor compassed by my rime ;  
It has o'erwhelmed the wide, disparting sea,  
It has assaulted battlemented Time  
To keep your guardian spirit round me when  
Danger affronted or but lay in lurk—  
Danger of death in this mad war of men,  
Danger of sin in Life's worse war of work  
And play, shadow and light, quick tears, brief joys :  
You knew Life's sweetness when you gave me birth  
And shared my infant bliss in stingless toys,  
Alas ! that since then joy has been in dearth  
And grief has loosed so many of those tears  
Which grew your Faith and Love beyond the  
years.

## Rudolphe Louis Nègrop

I have been exiled now for two long years,  
Known many dangers, many pleasant places ;  
I have been near to Death just when he rears  
With terrible intent, and gazed upon the faces  
Of stricken comrades after his dread leap ;  
In eastern deserts I have worshipped beauty  
Austerely still, where Death and Life to sleep,  
And Home is a strange dream, and stranger  
“ Duty ” ;  
Yet have your mother-hands reached out always  
With some sweet draught for Mem’ry ; your  
pitying  
Softened the couch of hardships ; darkest days  
Your brightest words did light who knew the sting  
Of this cruel war most cruelly deep at heart—  
Your love to sing then, what an Angel’s art !

Stern War has caused my life’s frail barque to ride  
Some perilous seas of Death, made me warm friends  
With cold Privation, and like Dante’s guide,  
Down doleful, dayless ways where this life ends  
And deeds, desires, are woven in hidden looms  
That pattern human fate, me has he led  
With hand relentless on my hand. ’Mid tombs  
My dragging and his careless feet did tread,  
Echoing fear about my heart, and then,  
With his contempt content, my hand he freed

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

And left me breathing still the air of men  
On this sweet earth. Yet in my daily creed  
Shall be deep thanks to War that touched my eyes  
With sight to see in you my priceless prize.

Return is sweet to one who hath been far  
On pilgrimage or war's stern business, and  
Hath oft at evening watched the evening star  
Beckon to him beyond the desert sand,  
Whispering of those green lands of memory's home,  
Fertile with bliss that was and is to be,  
Until, no more inconstantly to roam  
With a sweet pain at heart then voweth he.  
But doubly happy in my happiness  
Am I who to anticipate made glad  
Drear days of trial, and find each cheerful guess  
So true, I gained such glad days from such sad :  
    You are my home, and I find home confirm  
    The hopes most glad of my sad exile-term.

And yet if I unto my verse would wed  
Fair Truth, who stands with grave unfaltering gaze,  
Reading where late my labouring pen hath sped  
In halting periods o'er my checkered days,  
Let me not write so of the present joy  
Of my home-coming that one could infer

## Rudolphe Louis Nègrop

A happiness complete, without alloy  
Of my sad Knowledge, Wisdom's minister.  
Do I not know the bitter tinge to Life  
Which Fate hath in your chaliced mother-heart  
Mixed with maternal sweetness—the sharp knife  
That stabs your peace—the cloud that doth impart  
A darkness to each day—a child's affliction,  
Bounding your every joy with stern restriction ?

True, true it is I know your suffering, dear,  
And that my knowledge never can attain  
To utter understanding nor come near  
With Sympathy your heights of holy pain.  
Yet to be comforted you'll not refuse,  
Knowing your Mother's heart can mine relieve ;  
So take this comfort : that your son will use  
The gifts you gave him homage due to give  
Unto your humble greatness—never pray  
For richer boon than grace to sow these seeds  
Of future fame, to tell a later day  
All the eternal splendour of your deeds.  
Thus may I crown a life of little worth  
With the rich praise of her who gave me birth.

These gifts you gave on God's behalf, I wonder  
How they are mine above all my deserving—  
My life's path cluttered is with many a blunder  
Nor Duty-guided in a course unswerving,

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

As lies your own in beauteous symmetry  
Behind, beyond the rise of the distant hill  
Where finds the daylight first all that of me  
Does make the man, your son, heart, mind and will.  
Then how must I, with firm-held reins, with bit  
Drawn hard, hold in my spirited arrogance,  
The lust of youth, the usufruct of it,  
The power impetuous, seeking ever a chance  
    To break away into loose licence, when  
'Tis needed so, to praise you, by my pen !

There is not beauty enough in the whole world—  
Could it be brought obedient to my will—  
No hues of budding dawn, no colours furled  
After rich sunset, in the west, dim, still ;  
No melodies of brooks or birds, no tunes  
Which breezes wake among green leaves that lay  
Upon some summer's breathing breast—nor runes  
Around a lonely lake which ripples play,  
Falling on quiet shores—nor voice of shimmering  
    ocean  
Whose anger sleepeth. Nay on all the earth  
There is no beauty stirring sweet emotion  
To paint, to sing, to monument thy worth :—  
    Nothing that can outbid in all of this  
    My pain-fraught joy feeling thy prideful kiss.

Rudolphe Louis Nègroz

Mother ! toward you my gratitude now goes  
As to a goddess of some ancient fane,  
Worshipped for fruitful blessings, incense rose,  
While the stone altar held the dove just slain  
In simple, penitential sacrifice,  
And the great congregation, humbled, bowed,  
Acknowledged thus the wondrous gifts whose price  
They could not pay but in surrender proud  
To gratitude's humility.—But you  
Claim nothing slain in your cult, except  
What I would less than value—all the true,  
Enduring things in me have upward leapt,  
Striving to do your honour. So do I  
In humble pride my voice lift heaven-high.

FRANCE, Sept., 1917.

ARMEL O'CONNOR

PRIVATE, EAST ANGLIAN FIELD AMBULANCE

Violet

I WOULD throw to magnificent doom  
White roses at her feet.  
Should she tread out the life of each bloom,  
What fate could be more sweet?  
I would rifle imperial graves  
For rings of ancient skill ;  
I would bring her an army of slaves  
Dependent on her will.

I would build her a wonderful home,  
The place a Queen to please,  
Cedar walls with an ivory dome,  
Where she might dwell at ease.  
Should she covet the stars or the moon,  
Or, yes, the seraphim,  
I am sure I should count it a boon  
To satisfy her whim.

But I think of her beautiful face,  
Her kind, kind English heart

Armel O'Connor

With its personal treasures of grace  
That have no counterpart.  
And I know that she sets not the tasks  
Inferior Queens decree.  
That I love her, is all that she asks  
Of heaven and of me.

PALESTINE, Aug. 12, 1917

DAVID COX McEWEN OSBORNE

LANCE-CORPORAL, 1ST MIDDLESEX

### May-Day

WHO loveth whom He chasteneth  
Hath smote the earth again  
With golden rods of sunshine  
And silver rods of rain.

Our little laughing sister  
Hath doffed and put away  
The black she wore for penance  
And white for Easterday.

She binds her hair with cunning  
And dons her gown of green  
That all the flowers embroider  
And all the dews wash clean.

Her golden-throated skylark  
That sings and soars so high  
With praise and adoration  
Perfects the splendid sky.

## David Cox McEwen Osborne

For seed and soul that quicken  
By Him have death withheld  
Who blessed the whole Creation  
And saw that it was good.

## Private Claye

(Killed 27th June, 1917)

FROM clay in strength our native oak-tree grows  
To height and girth and spread of largest span ;  
The sweet and crimson riot of the rose ;  
And wheat, the bread and sacrament of man.  
Clay built our homes, and towns of civil folk  
Where born were manners, arts and liberty ;  
Clay are the pipes whence age can blow but smoke,  
And children orbs of bliss and vanity.  
This is fine clay : our common clay is finer  
Which England mine hath modelled not in strife  
To strive for England, and the Great Designer  
Into the nostrils breathed the breath of life.  
Claye, I salute what everlasting fame  
Informs thine ancient and illustrious name.

J. PETERSON  
PRIVATE, SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS

## Peace

“**T**HHERE is no peace, no peace,” the big guns shout

To drown the little voice that ev’ry hour,  
Persistent as the muezzin from his tower,  
Proclaims that all is well.—Yet who shall doubt  
The deep-sea thunder in dim moonlit caves,  
The green hills singing to the morning sun,  
The wild flowers flaunting till the day is done,  
Or plaintive sea-gull cries o’er twilit waves?—  
“No peace,” they growl! The little voice pleads  
on:

A lark high singing o’er the barrage blast,  
A moonbeam on the lake’s dark bosom cast,  
A whisper from a thousand mouths anon,  
“Lo! beauty, beauty may not, cannot cease,  
And beauty’s thrice-starred crown is peace, is  
peace.”

## Arras

I WENT and walked by Arras  
In the dim uncertain night ;  
I went and walked by Arras  
In the dazzling noonday light ;  
First, I saw a fairy glamour—  
Later, 'twas another sight.

Out by Arras in the night-time,  
Star-shells in the starlit sky  
Showered like wild silver raindrops  
From a fountain scattered high,  
Like the silver scales of fishes  
In the tideway curving by.

Out by Arras in the night-time  
There were glints of red and green  
Like the glow of fairy camp-fires  
In some hidden high wood seen,  
Like the day-dawn of the night-land  
Where no man has ever been.

Out by Arras in the day-time  
There stretched broad the sun-parched sand :

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

Where together men and torture  
Lived with foul death hand and hand,  
Horror-stricken, God-forsaken,  
There stretched far the war-cursed land.

And upon the stretches barren  
Far I saw the thousands lie  
That the wind of war had blasted,  
Sweeping on without a sigh ;  
In the hollows, huddled hundreds  
Who were not afraid to die.

## “ RICHARD RALEIGH ”

2ND LIEUT., O. AND B.L.I., FRANCE

### A Soldier's Litany

WHEN the foemen's hosts draw nigh,  
When the standards wave on high,  
When the brazen trumpets call,  
Some to triumph, some to fall,  
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,  
Libera nos Domine !

When the opposing squadrons meet,  
When the bullets fall like sleet,  
When the vanguards forward dash,  
When the flames of cannon flash,  
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,  
Libera nos Domine !

When mingled in the awful rout,  
Vanquished's cries and victor's shout,  
Horses' screams and wounded's groan,  
Dying, comfortless, alone,  
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,  
Libera nos Domine !

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

And when night's shadows round us close,  
God of Battles, succour those,  
Those whose hearts shall ever burn  
For loved ones, never to return ;  
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,  
    Libera nos Domine !  
    (Save us, Lord.)

K. M. SCOBIE

2<sup>ND</sup> LIEUT., R.G.A.

### Lunae

HAVE you ridden alone in the country ever  
By the dusty light of the harvest-moon ?  
—Cycled intent in a vain endeavour  
To match your speed to your soul's quick tune  
When there's never a sound to break the magic ;  
For the tyres' crisp whir on the powdered road  
And the hoot of an owl in the distance, tragic,  
Are pricking your heart with a fairy goad ?

'Then the hawthorn hedges, sweet dissembling,  
Stealthily close on your path, till fear  
Of their dense bulk looms ; and your heartsick  
trembling  
Shakes into stillness as you swing clear.  
Then the high haw-hedges furious will bide,  
Drawing back from the light of the moon :  
But the black trees haste down the silver hillside.  
You know in your heart that you laughed too soon.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

They reach the roadside ; and, leaning over,  
Wait for your coming. A swerving flash  
Through their clutching fingers—then dreaming  
clover,  
And corn amazed at your passing dash  
Over the bridge as the water glides black  
Darker than death in a dream : then pales.  
The enchanted ground from the village slides back.  
Voices and lights : and the magic fails.

R. HOWARD SPRING  
CORPORAL, A.S.C., FRANCE

Hic Jacet

UNRECORDED and unsung,  
Lay his body in the clay ;  
Buckler broken, sword unslung,  
Done the friendly light of day,  
Done the song of birds in May,  
Praising life with flame-touched tongue.

Lay his body in the clay ;  
Sing no song of joy or sorrow ;  
Fled the dream of yesterday,  
Dead the dawning of to-morrow.  
He no more will give or borrow  
'Mid the dwellers of the day.

Those who knew him may forget him,  
Those who never knew remember ;  
Woman, thou who didst beget him,  
And with tenderness beset him,  
See him lie amid the clay.  
O let him who will, remember !

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

### Knowledge

**T**ALK not to me of knowledge, I would fain  
Wander along life's dewy marge again,  
Plucking the flowers a-drip with morning rain.

Within a drop of dew is sphered the world ;  
All mystery within a rose lies furled ;  
Tempests within a murmuring shell up-curled.

I sought for knowledge, and the shell is shattered.  
I sought for knowledge, and the things that mat-  
tered—

The rose leaves and the dew—abroad are scattered.

Talk not to me of knowledge ; she would tear  
The lily-chalice and let out the rare  
Communion wine that God has gathered there.

At Sunset: September, 1917

**O**LIVING beauty of the dying day !  
All the ungathered splendour of the hours  
Is folded in your heart, as all the wealth  
Of June lies perfect in a crimson rose,

## R. Howard Spring

We who, unheeding, watched the little pools  
Of rippling light that underlay the trees,  
And saw the clear young arrows shoot the gloom  
Of chambers darkly curtain'd with no surprise,  
Kneel to the regal miracle which lends  
To death the august mystery life forbade.

And now upon these fields are gathered up  
In one great blood-red rose of sacrifice  
All unremembered buds of love and faith  
That shy young lives erst offered Freedom's crowns  
And to this fierce consuming altar fire,  
That speaks a God-ward world in tongues of flame,  
Each spark of heart's devotion lends its strength,  
Each candle-point of truth its warmth and light.

## The Bells

[In Germany church bells are being melted down  
for war purposes.]

*The Bells :*

**W**HAT have we done  
That sacrilegious hands should tear us  
down  
From the high belfry above the little town,  
Whence now for fifty years to King and clown -  
We speak of life and death? What have we done?

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

### *First Bell :*

We rang for the coming of souls to earth,  
We rang the joy of children's birth ;  
We rocked and caroled the young life in,  
A holy carol to ward off sin.  
  
Our notes flew over the grey old town  
In a helter-skelter, by the wind blown  
Higher and higher, and mingled at last  
With the songs of souls whose purging is past ;  
And then together we and they  
To the great Maker of Life would pray  
That the life might be blessed that was born that  
day.

### *Second Bell :*

Sadly we tolled the old life out  
That was done with laughter and tears and doubt.  
Silverly clear, when the moon sailed by  
And the tides of life throbbed stormy and high.  
We sang of faith and nerve and thew  
To meet the devil and wrestle through.

### *Third Bell :*

We rang of peace and we rang good-will.  
On the Christ-child's day, so ghostly-still ;  
When, dumbed with snow, the village street  
No answer made to passing feet.

## R. Howard Spring

Earth stopped her breathing, knowing then  
The seed of God sown among men.  
We rocked the steeple on Easter day  
When Christ the Spirit broke the clay  
In glory of yellow daffodils  
And holy laughter of dancing rills.

### *The Bells :*

O men who tear us from our place on high  
To make us messengers of hate and death,  
Thus you uproot the holy lily-flower  
And hug a dry and tinkling husk that holds  
No spirit essential and no soul of grace.  
Thus you tear out the heart from Sharon's rose,  
And only thorns remain to make a crown  
To lacerate afresh the brow of Christ.  
The tower remains, the shell that th' outward eye  
May see and reverence as a God's abode.  
But O ye happy ones whose inward eye  
Not unillumined is, pass by and say :  
Here lies the clay inanimate by fire ;  
Here stands the empty stall that has no choir ;  
Here die the lives from which the God has fled.  
Behold ! The Christ steals by with bleeding head.

J. E. STEWART  
M.C., CAPT., BORDER REGIMENT

### Before Action

OVER the down the road goes winding,  
A ribbon of white in the corn—  
The green, young corn. O, the joy of binding  
The sheaves some harvest morn !

But we are called to another reaping,  
A harvest that will not wait.

The sheaves will be green. O, the world of weeping  
Of those without the gate !

For the road we go they may not travel,  
Nor share our harvesting ;  
But watch and weep. O, to unravel  
The riddle of this thing !

Yet over the down the white road leading  
Calls ; and who lags behind ?  
Stout are our hearts ; but O, the bleeding  
Of hearts we may not bind !

SOMME, July, 1916.

## Renascence

THERE is a stirring in the woods  
Has not been heard these many Springs,  
A pulsing eagerness as broods  
The dawn about awaking things.  
And signs are on the little hills  
That take the sun while yet on high  
The mighty peaks, whose grandeur fills  
The noon, are muffled in the sky.

There is a murmur 'neath the noise  
Of cities and the common crowd,  
As though some elfin under-voice  
Sang thro' the buzz and discord loud ;  
And songs above the red alarms  
Of bitter War rise clear and free,  
As in the cruel shock of arms  
Trembled a sweet expectancy.

Once, in the days of barren Art,  
When ebbed the tide of Beauty's pow'r,  
Nature bestirred a poet's heart  
To give the world a passioned hour ;  
And such an hour is trembling sure  
O'er this our weary day and long,  
To bring our sicken'd souls a cure  
With a new ministry of Song.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

### Courage

I WAS afraid of Fear,  
Not of the foe ;  
And when I thought that those I hold most dear  
    My craven soul would know  
And turn away ashamed, who praised before,  
    Ashamed and deep distressed to find it so,  
I was afraid the more.

Lo, when I joined the fight,  
    And bared my breast  
To all the darts of that wild hellish night,  
    I, only, stood the test,  
For Fear, which I had feared, deserted then,  
    And forward blithely at the foe I prest  
King of myself again.

#### ENVoy

Blessed be God above  
    For His sweet care,  
Who heard the prayers of those whom most I love  
    And my poor suppliance there,  
Who brought me forth in life and limb all whole,  
    Who blessed my powers with his Divine repair,  
And gave me back my soul !

ERIC FITZWALTER WILKINSON  
M.C., CAPT., WEST YORKSHIRES, B.E.F., FRANCE  
(Killed in Action, October 9, 1917)

### To a Choir of Birds

GREEN are the trees, and green the summer grass,  
Beneath the sun, the tiniest leaf hangs still :  
The flowers in languor droop, and tired men pass  
All somnolent, while death whines loud and shrill.  
O fine, full-throated choir invisible,  
Whose sudden burst of rapture fills the ear !  
Are ye insensible to mortal fear,  
That such a stream of melody ye spill,  
While murk of battle drifts on Auber's hill,  
And mankind dreams of slaughter ? What wild glee  
Has filled your throbbing throats with sound,  
until  
Its strains are poured from every bush and tree,  
And sad hearts swell with hope, and fierce eyes  
fill ?  
The world is stark with blood and hate—but ye—  
Sing on ! Sing on ! in careless ecstasy.

WALTER LIGHTOWLER WILKINSON  
LIEUT., 8TH ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS  
(Killed on Vimy Ridge, April 9, 1917)

A Lament from the Dead

PEACE ! Vex us not : we are Dead,  
We are the Dead for England slain.  
(O England and the English Spring,  
The English Spring, the Spring-tide rain :  
Ah, God, dear God, in England now !) . . .  
Peace ! Vex us not : we are the Dead ;  
The snows of Death are on our brow :  
Peace ! Vex us not !

Brothers, the footfalls of the year  
(The Maiden month's in England now !) . . .  
I feel them pass above my head :  
Alas, they echo on my heart !  
(Ah, God, dear God, but England now !) . . .  
Peace ! vex me not, for I am dead ;  
The snows of Death are on my brow :  
Peace ! Vex me not !

## Walter Lightowler Wilkinson

Brothers, and I—I taste again,  
Again I taste the Wine of Spring.  
(O Wine of Spring and Bread of Love,  
O lips that kiss and mouths that sing :  
O Love and Spring in England now !) . . .  
Peace ! Vex me not, but pass above :  
Sweet English Love, fleet English Spring—  
Pass ! Vex me not !

Brothers, my brothers, I pray you—hark !  
I hear a song upon the wing,  
Upon the silver wing of morn :  
It is—dear God ! it is the lark—  
It is the lark above the corn,  
The fledgling corn of England's Spring ! . . .  
Ah ! pity thou my wearied heart :  
Cease ! Vex me not !

\*       \*       \*

Brothers, I beg you be at rest,  
Be quite at rest for England's sake :  
The flowerful hours in England now  
Sing low your sleep to English ears :  
And would ye have your sorrows wake  
The Mother's heart to further tears ? . . .  
Nay ! be at peace, her loyal dead  
Sleep ! Vex her not !

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

### The Wayside Burial

THEY'RE bringing in their recent dead—their  
recent dead !

I see the shoulder badge : a “ Southern crush.”  
How small he looks—(O damn that singing thrush !)  
Not give foot five from boots to battered head ! . . .  
Give him a kindly burial, my friends,—  
So much is due, when some such loyal life ends !  
“ For Country ! ” . . . Ay, and so our brave *do* die :  
Comrade unknown, good rest to you !—Good-bye !

They’re bringing their recent dead !—No pomp,  
no show :

A dingy khaki crowd—his friends, his own.  
I, too, would like—(God, how that wind does  
moan !)—

To be laid down by friends : it’s sweetest so !  
A young life, as I take it ; just a lad—  
(How cold it blows ; and that grey sky, how sad !)—  
And yet : “ For Country ”—so a man *should* die :  
Comrade unknown, good rest to you !—Good-bye !

They’re burying their dead !—I wonder now :  
A wife ?—or mother ? Mother it must be—  
In some trim home that fronts the English sea.  
(A sea-coast country : that the badges show.)

## Walter Lightowler Wilkinson

And she?—I sense her grief, I feel her tears!

“This, then, the garnered harvest of my years!”

And he? . . . “For Country, dear, a man *must* die!”

Comrade unknown, *good* rest to you!—Good-bye!

It’s reeded: he is buried! Comrade, sleep!

A wooden cross at your brave head will stand.

A cross of wood? A Calvary!—The Land

For whose sake you laid down sweet life, will keep

Watch, lad, and ward that none may bring to shame.

That Name for which you died! . . . “What’s in a name?”?

England shall answer! *You* will hear Her cry:

“Well done, my own! my son—good rest: Good-bye!”

B.E.F., FRANCE, 4.3.17.

## At Last Post

COME home!—Come home!

C The winds are at rest in the restful trees;

At rest are the waves of the sundown seas;

And home—they’re home—

The wearied hearts and the broken lives—

At home! At ease!

B.E.F., FRANCE.

## More Songs by the Fighting Men

### Night in War Time

**N**IIGHT and night's menace : Death hath forged a dart  
Of every moment's pause and stealthy pass :  
Blind Terror reigns : darkly, as in a glass,  
Man's wondering Soul beholds his fearful Heart,  
And questions, and is shaken : and, apart,  
Light Chance, the harlot-goddess, holding Mass,  
Scatters her favours broadcast on the grass  
As might a drunkard spill his wares in mart !

Time and sweet Order have forsaken men,  
So near Eternal seems the Night's foul sway :  
We ask of Life : " Has Chaos come again,  
With Ruin, and Confusion, and Decay ? "  
Yet slowly, surely darkness dies : and then,  
Out of the deep night's menace, dawns the Day !

B.E.F., FRANCE, January 25th, 1917.

THE

# REBIRTH OF POETRY

The *Daily Telegraph*, in the course of a remarkable leading article under the above heading, on June 12th, said :—

Then came the war, with its strong appeal to chivalry and hardihood and moral fervour, and our young men responded not only with the hazard of their lives, but with all the warmth and generosity of deeply stirred hearts. *And then the miracle happened.* For many of these young men, whom the novelty and romance of their lofty enterprise had shaken out of their habitual reserve and their intellectual shyness, discovered that they must join also the great army of singers and bards, and that only by means of poetry could they give expression to all the multiform emotional experience engendered in their minds by the great Crusade.

So it came about that *Poetry was reborn in the throes of war*, and that Mars once more claimed kinship with Apollo and the Muses. Guardsmen wrote sonnets ; privates composed odes ; corporals and sergeants—so unlike the non-commissioned officers of the past—relaxed their stern and practical souls in “soldier songs.” The phenomenon is not so surprising as at first sight it appears, although no one probably foresaw what large dimensions it would assume. It is only reasonable to suppose that moments of crisis causing a great emotional strain should find their issue in verse. Poetry is, after all, the natural outlet for those who feel deeply, and if hitherto the whole range of feeling and sentiment has been kept under lock and key, owing to a modesty and shame-facedness extremely characteristic of Englishmen, it is not altogether surprising that even those who thought themselves dumb should at such supreme moments suddenly find a tongue.

Mr. Erskine Macdonald, a publisher who has interested himself deeply in this department of literature, produced a series of little books of Georgian verse and Soldier Songs, which have a distinct character of their own, and often astonish us by their fecundity and their power. Sometimes, as might be expected, they are a little rough and uncouth ; sometimes they grate on the æsthetic sense by their deliberate disdain of beauty ; but they never fail for want of strength. The best of them come hot from excited brains, and are written by those who have an actual and vivid experience of what modern warfare means, who know its squalor and its hideousness, and yet are able to throw round it a kind of forlorn fascination and charm, thanks to the energy of their

own imagination and fancy. Not for them the Wordsworthian dictum that poetry is "emotion remembered in tranquillity"; they have had no time to become tranquil before they poured out their souls in song.

Much of the work may even be destined to last. . . . Nothing has been more remarkable than the part which our young men have played in this world crisis; nothing which brings home to our minds so vividly the faith and fervour of the original stock whence they came. Their great romance has been their actual participation in the war. But in lesser forms also—by the poetry they have written and the letters they have sent home—they have given yet another proof of the virile qualities of our race.

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